

*Troilus and Cressida.*

Here comes Patroclus.

Nes. No Achilles with him?

Ulf. The Elephant hath ioynts, but none for curtesie:  
His legges are legs for necessitie, not for flight.

Patro. Achilles bids me say he is much sorry:  
If any thing more then your sport and pleasure,  
Did moue your greatnesse, and this noble State,  
To call vpon him; he hopes it is no other,  
But for your health, and your digestion sake;  
An after Dinners breath.

Ag. Heare you Patroclus:

We ate too well acquainted with these answers:  
But his euasion winged thus swift with scorn,  
Cannot outflye our apprehensions.  
Much attribute he hath, and much the reason,  
Why we ascribe it to him, yet all his vertues,  
Not vertuously of his owne part beheld,  
Doe in our eyes, begin to loose their gloss;  
Yea, and like faire Fruit in an vnholdsome dish,  
Are like to rot vntrasted: goe and tell him,  
We came to speake with him; and you shall not sinne,  
If you doe say, we thinke him ouer proud,  
And vnder honesty in selfe-assumption greater  
Then in the note of iudgement; & worthier then himselfe  
Here tends the sauage strangenesse he puts on,  
Disguise the holy strength of their command:  
And vnder write in an obsequing kinde  
His humorous predominance, yea watch  
His pettish lines, his eies, his flowes, as if  
The passage and whole carriage of this action  
Rode on his tyde. Goe tell him this, and adde,  
That if he ouerhold his price so much,  
Wee none of him; but let him, like an Engin  
Not portable, lye vnder this report.  
Bring action hither, this cannot goe to warre:  
A stirring Dwarfie, we doe allowance giue,  
Before a sleeping Gyaunt: tell him so.

Pat. I shall, and bring his answer presently.

Ag. In second voyce wee not be satisfied,  
We come to speake with him, *Ulfes* enter you.

*Exit Ulfes.*

Ajax. What is he more then another?

Ag. No more then what he thinke he is.

Ajax. Is he so much, doe you not thinke, he thinke  
himselfe a better man then I am?

Ag. No question.

Ajax. Will you subscribe his thought, and say he is?

Ag. No, Noble Ajax, you are as strong, as valiant, as  
wite, no lesse noble, much more gentle, and altogether  
more tractable.

Ajax. Why should a man be proud? How doth pride  
grow? I know not what it is.

Ag. Your minde is the cleerer Ajax, and your vertues  
the fairer; he that is proud, eates vp himselfe; Pride is his  
owne Glasse, his owne trump, his owne Chronicle, and  
what euer praises it selfe but in the deede, deuoures the  
deede in the praise.

*Enter Ulfes.*

Ajax. I do hate a proud man, as I hate the ingendring  
of Toades.

Nes. Yet he loues himselfe: is't not strange?

Ulf. Achilles will not to the field to morrow.

Ag. What's his excuse?

Ulf. He doth relye on none,

But carries on the streame of his dispose,

Without obseruance or respect of any,

In will peculiar, and in selfe admission.

Ag. Why, will he not vpon our faire request,  
Vntent his person, and share the ayre with vs?

Ulf. Things small as nothing, for requests sake onely  
He makes important; posselt he is with greatnesse,  
And speakes not to himselfe, but with a pride  
That quarrels at selfe-breath. Imagin'd wroth  
Holds in his bloud such swolne and hot discourse,  
That twixt his mentall and his active parts,  
Kingdom'd Achilles in commotion rages,  
And batters gainst it selfe; what should I say?  
He is so plaguy proud, that the death tokens of it,  
Cry no recovery.

Ag. Let Ajax goe to him,

Deare Lord, goe you and greet him in his Tent;  
Tis said he holds you well, and will be led  
At your request a little from himselfe.

Ulf. O Agamemnon, let it not be so.  
Weele consecrate the steps that Ajax makes,  
When they goe from Achilles; shall the proud Lord,  
That bastes his arrogance with his owne seame,  
And neuer suffers matter of the world,  
Enter his thoughts: saue such as doe reuolue  
And ruminat himselfe. Shall he be worshipt,  
Of that we hold an Idoll, more then hee?

No, this thrice worthy and right valiant Lord,  
Must not so staule his Palme, nobly acquir'd,  
Nor by my will ascribingate his merit,  
As amply titled as Achilles is: by going to Achilles,  
That were to enlard his fat already, pride,  
And adde more Coles to Cancer, when he burnes  
With entertaining great Hiperion.

This L. goe to him? *Iupiter* forbid,  
And say in thunder, Achilles goe to him.

Nes. O this is well, he rubs the veine of him.

Ulf. And how his silence drinke vp this applause.

Ajax. If I goe to him, with my armed fist, Ile pass him  
ore the face.

Ag. O no, you shall not goe.

Ajax. And a be proud with me, Ile please his pride: let  
me goe to him.

Ulf. Not for the worth that hangs vpon our quarrel.

Ajax. A pauntry insolent fellow.

Nes. How he describes himselfe.

Ajax. Can he not be sociable?

Ulf. The Raven chides blacknesse.

Ajax. Ile let his humours bloud.

Ag. He will be the Phyisician that should be the pa-  
tient.

Ajax. And all men were a my minde.

Ulf. Wit would be out of fashion.

Ajax. A should not beare it so, a should eate Swords  
first: shall pride carry it?

Nes. And 'twould, you'd carry halfe.

Ulf. A would haue ten shares.

Ajax. I will knede him, Ile make him supple, hee's not  
yet through warme.

Nes. Force him with praises, poure in, poure in: his am-  
bition is dry.

Ulf. My L. you feede too much on this dislike.

Nes. Our noble Generall, doe not doe so.

Ulf. You must prepare to fight without Achilles.

Ulf. Why, 'tis this naming of him doth him harme.

Here is a man, but 'tis before his face,

I will be silent.

Nes. Wherefore should you so?

He

*Troilus and Cressida.*

He is not emulous, as Achilles is.

Ulf. Know the whole world, he is as valiant.

Ajax. A horson dog, that shal palter thus with vs, would  
he were a Trojan.

Nes. What a vice were it in Ajax now —

Ulf. If he were proud.

Ulf. Or couetous of praise.

Ulf. I, or surley borne.

Ulf. Or strange, or selfe affected.

Ulf. Thank the heavens L. thou art of sweet compofure;

Praise him that got thee, she that gaue thee sucke:

Fame be thy Tutor, and thy parts of nature

Thrice fam'd beyond, beyond all erudition;

But he that disciplin'd thy armes to fight,

Let Mars deuide Eternity in twaine,

And giue him halfe, and for thy vigour,

Ball-bearing Milo: his addition yeelde

To honowre Ajax: I will not praise thy wisdom,

Which like a bourne, a pale, a shore confines

Thy spacious and dilated parts; here's Nestor

Instructed by the Antiquary times:

He must, he is, he cannot but be wise.

But pardon Father Nestor, were your dayes

As greene as Ajax, and your braine so temper'd,

You should not haue the eminence of him,

But be as Ajax.

Ajax. Shall I call you Father?

Ulf. I my good Sonne.

Ulf. Be rul'd by him Lord Ajax.

Ulf. There is no tarrying here, the Hart Achilles

Keepes thicker: please it our Generall,

To call together all his state of warre,

Fresh Kings are come to Troy; to morrow

We must with all our maine of power stand fast:

And here's a Lord, come Knights from East to West,

And cull their flowre, Ajax shall cope the best.

Ag. Goe we to Countaile, let Achilles sleepe;

Light Botes may saile swift, though greater bulkes draw

deepe. *Excunt. Musicke sounds within.*

*Enter Pandarus and a Seruant.*

Par. Friend, you, pray you a word: Doe not you fol-  
low the yong Lord Parus?

Ser. I sir, when he goes before me.

Par. You depend vpon him I meane?

Ser. Sir, I doe depend vpon the Lord.

Par. You depend vpon a noble Gentleman: I must

needes praise him.

Ser. The Lord be praised.

Par. You know me, doe you not?

Ser. Faith sir, superficially.

Par. Friend know me better, I am the Lord Pandarus.

Ser. I hope I shall know your honour better.

Par. I doe desire it.

Ser. You are in the state of Grace?

Par. Grace, not so friend, honor and Lordship are my

title: What Musique is this?

Ser. I doe but partly know sir: it is Musicke in parts.

Par. Know you the Musicians.

Ser. Wholly sir.

Par. Who play they to?

Ser. To the hearers sir.

Par. At whose pleasur friend?

Ser. At mine sir, and theirs that loue Musicke.

Par. Command, I meane friend.

Ser. Who shall I command sir?

Pa. Friend, we vnderstand not one another: I am too  
courtly, and thou art too cunning. At whose request doe  
these men play?

Ser. That's too't indeede sir: marry sir, at the request  
of Paris my L. who's there in person; with him the mor-  
tall Venus, the heart bloud of beauty, loues inuisible  
soule.

Pa. Who? my Cousin Cressida.

Ser. No sir, Helen, could you not finde out that by  
her attributes?

Pa. It should seeme fellow, that thou hast not seen the  
Lady Cressida. I come to speake with Paris from the  
Prince Troilus: I will make a complementall assault vpon  
him, for my businesse seethes.

Ser. Sudden businesse, there's a stewed phrase indeede.

*Enter Paris and Helena.*

Par. Faire be to you my Lord, and to all this faire com-  
pany: faire desires in all faire measure fairly guide them,  
especially to you faire Queene, faire thoughts be your  
faire pillow.

Hel. Deere L. you are full of faire words.

Par. You speake your faire pleasure sweete Queene:  
faire Prince, here is good broken Musicke.

Par. You haue broke it cozen: and by my life you  
shall make it whole againe, you shall peece it out with a  
peece of your performance. Nel, he is full of harmony.

Pa. Truly Lady no.

Hel. O sir.

Par. Rude in sooth, in good sooth very rude.

Paris. Well said my Lord: well, you say so in fits.

Par. I haue businesse to my Lord, deere Queene: my  
Lord will you vouchsafe me a word.

Hel. Nay, this shall not hedge vs out, wee heare you  
sing certainly.

Par. Well sweete Queene you are pleasant with me,  
but marry thus my Lord, my deere Lord, and most esteem-  
med friend your brother Troilus.

Hel. My Lord Pandarus, hony sweete Lord.

Par. Go too sweete Queene, goe to.

Commends himselfe most affectionately to you.

Hel. You shall not bob vs out of our melody:

If you doe, our melancholly vpon your head.

Par. Sweete Queene, sweete Queene, that's a sweete

Queene I faith —

Hel. And to make a sweet Lady sad, is a sower offence.

Par. Nay, that shall not serue your turne, that shall it  
not in truth la. Nay, I care not for such words, no, no.

And my Lord he desires you, that if the King call for him  
at Supper, you will make his excuse.

Hel. My Lord Pandarus?

Par. What saies my sweete Queene, my very, very

sweete Queene?

Par. What exploit's in hand, where sups he to night?

Hel. Nay but my Lord?

Par. What saies my sweete Queene? my cozen will

fall out with you.

Hel. You must not know where he sups.

Par. With my disposer Cressida.

Par. No, no; no such matter, you are wide, come your

disposer is sicke.

Par. Well, Ile make excuse.

Par. I good my Lord: why should you say Cressida?

no, your poore disposer's sicke.

Par. I spee.

Par. You